

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.
LINES FOR THE HOUR.

"Forces—safes—writers"—WHITTIER.

Strike up! Let me

On in hand and on board;

Miles and Kates "free";

On our country's flag forever!

Norred is every daughting soul—

Pushed he every patriot feeling—

Shadows, that now darkly roll,

Over Freedom's sky are stealing.

Tranquill, now, just quiet, and gather—

Up, and with strength and fortitude had

Now on Freedom's holy bier!

Labor, in the light of day,

Firm, with neither strife nor clamor ~

Labor, and peace, and pray;

Truth in Freedoms' shield arm!

Charter, and law, and right, ~

Vow no very life is precious ~

Labor, that hearts—hasten up!

Yours is Freedom's holy biering.

Over the sunny private land,

Now the tyrant's foot is treading—

Let us struggle, heart and hand—

Heads, and hands, and bleeding—

Sheath our fathers'—Stand we—

With a musket, lip and breast—

Steel we'll wear the "triumph" brand;

By insatiate Freedom's graves!

Steel shall pack andicker now!

Steel we'll wear the "triumph" brand;

And live on by Freedom's bier!

By this glorious land of ours,

Whose pillow stems are throning,

Turning from the tyrant powers,

And for Freedoms' alters long—

By our fathers' hopes and fears,

Struggling through a night of peril—

By our fathers' bones and fears,

In old Freedoms' alters of trial—

By the crimson waves of death—

By the ocean waves they have spoken—

By their souls and all they won,

By the shades of Freedom broken—

By the flames of freedom—

By the lightning of freedom—

By the thunder of freedom—

By the God of Freedom everywhere—

By the memories of the past—

Each great soul's constant yearning—

Each sacrifice he gave—

Upon the altar of burning!

By the blood of those who fell,

Freedoms' sons are undergoing—

And the hearts of those—

By the hands of those who save—

By the hands of those who save—